

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837.

THE WEEKLY HERALD will be published this day at 9 o'clock. It will contain more rare and original information, on every important subject, than all the other weekly papers put together. Indeed, as matters are now shaping themselves, we doubt whether any of the Saturday and Sunday weekly papers can live for six months longer. Our city circulation has reached, long since, seven thousand, and our country circulation, payable in advance, is increasing at the rate of 150 to 150 per week. If all the other weekly prints would stop now, and the stupid editors and printers go a farming, or even raising small potatoes, they would save money by the operation in one year. For the sake of their suffering families they should take this hint into serious consideration, when they visit Sandy Welsh's Sabbath day services tomorrow.

THE WALL STREET PRINTS BEAT IN SHIP NEWS.—During the last week, the Herald reported in advance of every other paper in Wall street, the following arrivals:

Ship Louisa, from	Liverpool,
Ship Normandia, from	Liverpool,
Ship Jacob Pennell, from	Canton,
Ship Sarah & Azelia, from	Canton,
Ship Neponset, from	Apalachicola,
Brig Tatallor, from	Belfast,
Brig Rose Bank, from	Belfast,

This is only a specimen of the boats we have given them in one week—we do not mean to enumerate for the month. In every item of commercial intelligence the Herald is now far ahead of every paper published in New York—in the money, cotton, corn and general markets—as well as ship news. What dupes the merchants are to support such impostors as the Wall street papers! There is not a single item of any kind of intelligence that we do not give earlier, better, fuller, and honest than all the newspapers in New York. Yet the poor deluded merchants, led astray by the size and dalliance of the large papers, continue to patronize, pay for, and advertise in these vehicles of inanity, falsehood and indolence. Is it not time for them to "reform it altogether?" By advertising on the cash system, as they want it, and during the season, every merchant in New York can save money.—Our circulation is more than all the Wall street prints put together—and what is more to the purpose, the New York Herald enjoys this circulation among all the business men of this community—of the United States—throughout all Europe—and even to the remote Celestial Empire. In any bundle of English newspapers, comprising the whole British empire, scarcely a paper can be opened that does not contain extracts from the New York Herald. This shows the extent of our circulation. What folly is in the poor deluded and duped merchants to be throwing away money on such limited circulating prints as those of Wall street! One dollar's worth of advertising in the Herald is worth ten dollars' worth in the Courier and Enquirer, or any other paper in that region.

HOWARD AND McKIN have an average majority of 251 in the whole district, over Kennedy and Ridgely. In the third district of Maryland, Worthington (V. B.) is elected by a majority of 300 votes. It is probable that the complexion of the Maryland representation will be as it was before.

SURPLUS OF THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—We gave an account of the movements for the recovery of the surplus monies, amounting in all the companies, to nearly half a million. We are glad to learn that the work goes on vigorously, and that there is already a considerable subscription in hand to prosecute it to success. It appears very desirable that in obtaining this claim for the stockholders, all parties interested, or desirous of obtaining it, should be included, and thereby save themselves the expense and delay of separate suits. When we look at the strict equity of the case, and the undoubted intention of the legislature, in granting the charters, that they should be liable only to the extent of their chartered capital, and when we know too that this claim is to be decided by a part of the legislature, (the court of errors) it gladdens our heart to find at last that the widows and others made destitute, will receive something from the wreck. Such as can, should attend the meeting on Monday, and those who cannot, should send their names and wishes. This will increase the assiduity and promptness of the parties having charge of it, and bring the matter to a speedy termination. The money now lies locked up in the hands of the receivers; they are anxious to pay it over.

The meeting referred to is an adjourned one to be held at the Exchange Hotel, 10 Broad street, at five o'clock, on Monday next.

WE published in our evening paper, yesterday, some harsh remarks on our friend General Morris. I do not know of them till now, or they should not have appeared. We have long since settled all quarrels with George P. Morris. He is an amiable fellow, and so we shall ever consider him.

A SIGN—A RESUMPTION.—The City Hall bell, which has suspended the operation of keeping time for the past month, resumes this day about 3 o'clock, P. M. Let the Banks take note of this.

A great fermentation in Tammany Hall last night. Particulars tonight in the Evening Herald.

THE FRENCH CHURCH ON FRANKLIN STREET.—Last Sunday evening we stepped into the French Church on Franklin street, to hear the Rev. Mr. Verren preach. There is nothing so soul moving, amid the concerns of life, as the worship of God in the French language.

A well dressed black man politely showed us to a pew near the pulpit. The organ in the gallery poured forth a flood of enchanting music, lifting the soul from the morbidness of life, and preparing the mind for the consideration of sacred subjects.

Mr. Verren's church is truly a sacred place. There is a sweet quietness beneath that imposing dome, resting so majestically upon the four pillars that uplift the whole building. Nothing is so congenial to the feelings as seclusion when the soul looks up to its maker.

After the evening service was concluded, Mr. Verren took up the subject of the unjust steward, and in a clear, enthusiastic and eloquent manner discussed it to the satisfaction and edification of an attentive assembly. The Rev. Mr. Verren is a philosopher and a philanthropist. He treated his theme as a philosopher. He applied the parable to the multiplex pursuits of life, and showed how consistent it was in all its parts. He pointed out to his hearers in a feeling manner the sure results to flow from a continued practice of the principles by which the unjust steward was governed. There was so much philanthropy in his peroration, that we felt it was worth living to know the power and extent of human sympathy.

Mr. Verren is a fine speaker. He is a thorough-going scholar, and well versed in the subject of theology. It is truly refreshing to hear the language of *la belle France* fall from such a speaker's lips.

Let all who would spend an hour or two in the contemplation of sacred subjects repair to Mr. Verren's church. They will there find a minister all worthy of his calling—a minister capable and qualified to show up sinners—the way to heaven.

ANOTHER CALICO HOP AT NEW BRIGHTON.—On Thursday evening, another calico hop was given at the New Brighton Pavilion, kept by Milford. It was well attended, and presented some scenes of fascinating elegance, simplicity, and grace, that speak favorably for the reformation of the age.

In another century, when old Peter Stuyvesant governed New York, it was customary to get up a hop on Staten Island, by sending round a wagon, with a good violin, playing and picking up the pretty girls, from every farm house, as they passed along. When a full load of beauty was thus collected together, of the choicest, youngest, sweetest, and most engaging; then the fiddler and his driver would carry the "spoils of victory" to the hop, and depart for more. Since these days of simplicity, awful changes have been wrought. All the cold and fastidious formalities of Europe, have been introduced here. Life has been near becoming a burden—and real enjoyment as scarce as money during the pressure.

There are cycles in human life, in fashion, in character, in manners, as there are in the planetary systems. Under the sixth generation, a germ of the good old frank simplicity has begun to develop itself on Staten Island. Old Peter Stuyvesant is reviving.

On Thursday last, invitations were sent round to all the inhabitants of the Island, thus:—"The hop commences at the Pavilion at 8 o'clock." This was enough. Before nine o'clock, one of the prettiest collection of young ladies, assembled in the splendid ball room of the Pavilion, that we ever remember to have seen any where, or on any occasion. I must say, frankly, that I was nearly fascinated by the grace, beauty, ease, simple elegance, and extraordinary charms displayed. Nothing saved my poor heart and soul from complete bewilderment, but a slice of a good watermelon that I was kindly invited to partake of, in company with a few beautiful ladies whose lovely images yet linger on my fancy. And, even then, I did not know exactly, whether it was what I saw or eat that caused the change, but both seemed to refresh wonderfully. But for this melon, (I shall ever recommend melons hereafter, in all such cases of danger,) I might have been in an awful condition, bereft of my heart—cut up in my soul—and ready to take a Sam Patch jump from the highest rock on Staten Island. Thank God I am yet alive.

Among the visitors, we discovered several of our most respectable citizens, accompanied with their pretty and engaging daughters, arrayed in the most simple, cheap and chaste costume, so very appropriate to the suspension of specie payments, and the state of the currency in the year 1837.

The dancing began about nine o'clock, and broke up about twelve. "I must keep regular hours," said one of the managers. On no one occasion, at such a place, have we seen so many really beautiful and fascinating young creatures. Until that evening I do not know that I have seen, for a long time, sentiment encircling the dance, or poetry and feeling throwing a sacred radiance over the waltz or gallopade. It seemed that the soul, fresh from heaven, the soft heart, pure from its maker, the very feelings themselves were embodied and moving over that enchanted floor. Here was a snow white simple dress, edged round with a single chaste azure ribbon, a form faultless, like that of "the statue that enchants the world," revealing, in the waltz, that grace and elegance which accompany true genius and intellect, when it sportingly steps aside one moment from its high destiny to enrapture all around. There was the light and graceful French chintz giving a charm of simplicity to the filial love of a pure and gentle spirit.

The company was various—yet unique. The fair and fascinating descendants of New England genius—the magnificent daughters of Erin—the beauty of the south, and the grace of the west, all mingled together. All the company seemed to unite in adding enjoyment to the scene. Even a few exotics heightened the variety. This was effected by a group of "long shore" strangers, who unfortunately had been so long out of society, digging for clams on the sea shore, as to forget that when gentlemen enter a ball room, where beauteous woman appears, it is customary to leave behind them their magnificent hickory sticks, so useful in digging up clams, but so unnecessary where displayed. When the managers again send invitations, we presume they will confine them within the limits of civilization. Clams from the 'Bay' are good, when cooked—not raw.

This evening another ball will be given at the same place, and a fresh accession of beauty and fashion intends to go down from the city to give additional *clat* to the occasion. Milford's is filling up fast. Every apartment is engaged ahead for Tuesday next, and a series of the most engaging and fascinating balls has commenced, which almost marks New Brighton as the place for this season in the gay world.

EXCITING MYSTERY.—On Thursday evening, near upon 10 o'clock, a female, splendidly dressed, fell down in a fit of violent hysteria, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The assistant in Dr. Hart's store perceiving the crowd that had collected around her, stepped out and from a feeling of humanity, conveyed the unfortunate lady into the store. Dr. Hart was sent for, who promptly came and administered every relief medical aid could offer. During her paroxysms it became necessary to loosen her clothing, when it was discovered that she was *eniente*. This being discovered, Judge Wiley, who chanced to be in the store of Dr. Hart, started for the Hospital, and requested Mr. Wetmore, the superintendent, to receive her. This he peremptorily refused to do. The judge then went to the watchhouse, but he found there was not the slightest accommodation to be obtained there. He then betought himself of the Almshouse, and after considerable beating at the door, Mr. Western, the attendant, showed himself. The judge related the female's situation to him, but he declared he would not awaken Col. Mann or Mrs. Fraser, the female attendant of the Almshouse, and the Judge was obliged to depart as he came. Determined not to abandon his object, he hastened to the house of Mr. Brane, one of the Almshouse Commissioners, and obtained an order from him for the female's reception in the Almshouse.

By this time it was fast verging to morning. When the order was presented after a great delay, Mrs. Fraser, to whom the order was addressed, condescended to show herself. She said they had trouble enough there from five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and did not conceive she ought to be disturbed. The female was ultimately received. In the morning, she acquired sufficient strength to depart, which she did, refusing to disclose who or what she was, or whither she was going. Judge Wiley represents her as being one of the most lovely women he ever looked upon. She had a reticulate with her, in which was a silver thimble and a cambric handkerchief, but nothing that could lead to a detection of who she was.

We relate this case in a great measure to show that by our city regulations, no person ought to be sick after ten o'clock at night. Then hospitals and almshouses are closed, and the sick may die in the streets, as the authorities doubtless consider they ought, for dazing to give way to maladies at unseasonable hours.

[Correspondence of the Herald.]
WASHINGTON, July 25th, 1837.
Romance in Real Life.

The following history has been communicated to me, by a gentleman of this city, on whose veracity I can rely, and who is a warm friend of the lady, the striking incidents of whose life it furnishes. Delicacy requires that the names of the characters introduced should be suppressed; but the facts are undigested and unvarnished.

Virginia Pendleton was about 16 years of age when she first burst upon the world, in all the splendor of her beauty. Her parents were respectable, but not wealthy, and the loveliness and innocence of their daughter claimed their admiration and love. Her portrait, which I have seen, taken a few years after her entrance into life, represents her in the costume of a shepherdess, seated on a verdant bank—her hand resting on the head of a lamb, while an expression of irresistible sweetness is diffused over her countenance. It is said, by those who knew her then, that the painter has failed altogether in conveying any think like a correct idea of her beauty, which his art was insufficient to reach, and he left a tame representation of a face and figure, which were thought to be almost faultless. Her features were exquisitely chiselled; her eye was a dark hazel, soft and melting, her glossy ringlets clustered over her marble forehead and fell upon her shoulders; her cheek was delicately tinged with the color of the rose; her complexion had the fairness and transparency of alabaster; her rich vermilion lips, when opened, disclosed teeth of the most pearly whiteness; and her neck and bosom were exquisitely moulded. There was too in her countenance an expression of gentleness and sweetness, that gave an additional charm to her perfect features, while her figure was rivalled in grace, symmetry and beauty only by the statue that enchants the world. This glorious and beautiful creature was as innocent as she was lovely. The splendor of her beauty made her neither vain nor haughty—her disposition, like her cheek was *couleur de rose*; and her heart was the seat of all the virtues. She was in the joyous morning of life, surrounded by friends she loved, by parents who doted on her. Her young and ardent fancy pictured to her scenes of endless happiness. This earth was a world of enchantment, and all the creatures by which it was inhabited, seemed to her harmless, virtuous and good—

"Hope enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair."
Her young heart was susceptible of the tenderest attachment and the most durable affection, and in the exuberance of her imagination she dreamed of "thought, feeling, taste harmonious to her own." But youth is full of romance; the blood courses through the veins, and the heart bounds with raptures; every thing is tinged with the *couleur de rose*; "all is beauty to the eye and music to the ear;" visions of anticipated bliss before the mind, and scenes of enduring love and endless happiness fill the imagination. But

What is youth?—a smiling sorrow,
Bliss today and sad tomorrow;
Never fix'd, forever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doting, changing.

The beauty and other charms of Miss Pendleton made her an object of attraction wherever she moved. She was "the cynosure of neighboring eyes;" the magnet by which all were attracted—and with which all were delighted. Here suitors were numerous. She was followed, caressed and loved; but her heart remained untouched; gentle and loving as was its nature. But one so lovely and so worthy of adoration could not always continue in a state of celibacy. A young man of wealth, and of respectable family, in Maryland, presented himself as a claimant for her hand. He was from the same neighborhood, and was deeply smitten with her charms. He followed in her train—manifested the deepest and most ardent devotion to her—professed the most unconquerable and undying love, and Virginia Pendleton yielded up her heart, and bestowed upon him her hand, at the age of 18. Marriage is indeed a lottery, in which, perhaps, nine out of ten draw a blank; and the prize of conjugal happiness falls to the lot of but very few. The honeymoon was passed, like all honey moons, in rapture and joy. She felt as if she tasted a new existence; as if her happiness could never be dimmed or alloyed. She loved her husband sincerely and ardently, and she felt that love hers deserved reciprocal sincerity and ardor. Mr. W. took his young and beautiful bride to Europe for pleasure and improvement. She was an object of admiration in Paris, as she had been in her native land, and she was called *la belle Americaine*, wherever she went. Her husband, however, was not capable of appreciating so much loveliness, and possession began to cool the ardor of his attachment. She observed with pain that his attentions were less constant, and that a change had taken place in his conduct to her. In a strange land, and among strangers, she felt this more keenly, and became anxious to return to her native country. There was a deep and absorbing tenderness in the soul of this beautiful woman, which made her overlook every slight from the man she loved, and to whom she had been united. There was, unfortunately, no harmony in the feelings and character of this ill-matched pair. The wife was all gentleness and love—the husband, cold, unfeeling and vulgar. Upon their arrival in Baltimore, she was rudely placed in a hackney coach, and the driver ordered to convey her to her father's habitation, where she arrived alone, and with a wounded spirit. With that attachment which belongs only to the female character, she endeavored to excuse and palliate the conduct of her husband; and soon rejoined him on his estate, on the eastern shore. She here devoted herself to her domestic duties, and, by her exemplary conduct, and attention to the comfort and happiness of the man to whom she had united her destinies, endeavored to recover his affections; but his character was essentially vulgar, and his propensities low.

In a few months a beautiful girl was born to them, to whom the mother, whose heart required something to love, was devotedly attached. She bestowed upon this infant offspring of an ill-starred union all the care and affection of fond and doting mother. She loved it passionately, and her whole existence seemed to be wrapt up in it. Scarcely could she bear it from her sight, and this new pledge of her love became an idol which she almost worshipped.

I have said that the propensities of W. were low. He brought into his house a vulgar inmate of the almshouse, a native of Ireland, and placed her over the other domestics. She was coarse, illiterate and vicious, and he insisted upon her becoming the nurse of his child. The tender and doting mother yielded for the sake of peace, and the Irish pauper became the nurse of the infant, and soon assumed the authority of the mistress of the house. The native gentleness and kindness of Mrs. W.'s disposition led her to submit quietly and meekly to the overbearing insolence of this vulgar woman, whose power over her weak and ungenerous husband she felt and lamented. Still she submitted in pain and disgust. One day while she was fondling her beloved child in her arms, and imprinting the kiss of parental love on her rosy lips, which she effected by stealth, having secretly carried her daughter into her own chamber, the rude pauper rushed into the room, and tried to snatch the child from her mother's arms. She resisted, and the Irish menial grappled the delicate and tender mother by the throat, and would have strangled her, had not some of the servants, attracted by her cries, come to her relief. She appealed to her unfeeling husband for protection, who only laughed at her complaints, and still kept the insolent wretch in the house who had thus ill treated and insulted the beautiful mother of his child. This was too much for her forbearance, and she quit her husband's home for that of her father, with a determination never again to return to the house of a husband who so openly violated the sacred bonds of matrimony, and refused to extend to her that protection to which every wife has a claim. Her helpless infant was cruelly withheld from her, and placed under the charge of the vulgar and vicious creature who had been permitted to insult and injure her with impunity. The end of this melancholy story I will give in my next, with some of the letters of this much injured woman, who is now a resident of Washington.

Was there not a case of some importance in the Marine Court yesterday? How was it kept so snug? Are there any *private* trials go on there? Or is it permitted to examine witnesses *sub auro judicio*—in whispers? Let us have every thing fair and above board. Who can tell whether we are right in our surmises or not? Information is requested.

THE BOWERY is shut up by order of the Chancellor. That Bowery will never come to good as long as Hamblin has any thing to do with it.

WE have received full files of the *El Liberal*, published at Caracas, up to the 27th ult., inclusive. We do not find in them any news of interest.

JIM CROW IN ENGLAND.—Jim Crow is creating a greater sensation in England than all the other American actors put together. He makes money like water. In one month he clears more cash than Forrest, Hamblin and a dozen others.

Jim walks about the streets of London covered with gold chains, and treating his friends in the most splendid style. He called a player to take a glass with him. They drank.

"What's to pay?" asked Jim of the barkeeper.

"A shilling, your honor."

Jim pulled out half a guinea—flung it down—"there, my good fellow, take that, and drink Jim Crow's health out of the change."

The whole company stared.

"That's the famous American Prince Jim Crow," said one.

"That's the famous American Lord Jim Crow," said another.

"That's the famous American Duke Jim Crow," said a third.

The Duchess of St. Albans sent up, from Brighton to London, her carriage and four greys to take Jim Crow down to her great marine *fele* on the sea shore. Jim jumps into the carriage—is attended by two liveried footmen—arrives in Brighton—creates a prodigious sensation. He is shown over all her grounds. In the evening he sings "Jim Crow"—receives fifty pounds as a mark of the Duchess's love—and is sent back to London as he was carried off.

After the play is out in the Adelphi, or whatever theatre he plays in, Jim Crow invites the company to take a glass with him. They go. Jim falls upon a couple of baskets of Champagne.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a glass of Champagne."

The poor players stared—"Good heavens!" they say—"Champagne?"

"Jim Crow must be an American Prince in disguise."

"They drink and drink."

"Don't spare it," cries Jim, "we drink two dozen bottles a day in America. Why, our very niggers can't clean boots without taking a glass of Champagne to clear their intellects."

"Good heavens!" say they all.

Nothing like Jim Crow ever appeared in England before. We remember saying to Jim when he was preparing to go—"Rice, you will make a greater hit in Europe than ever any man yet made. Forrest is not a priming to your rifle." Nor is he.

VISIT TO THE LONG ISLAND FARMS.—This visit was of so interesting and original a description, that we shall not be able to give it till Monday next. It embraces some of the most remarkable facts that we ever remember to have known.

N. P. Willis is to receive \$1000 for a tragedy from Miss Clifton. Shame! shame! to take so much money from a pretty woman. It is almost as bad as picking her pocket. Pray Master Nat what will you be after next?

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Go to Niblo's tonight. Since the warm weather began, it is the great place of resort. A most beautiful lady, with black eyes and raven hair, gave away, the other evening, her hand and heart there. I missed that chance for certain. Gods and little fishes! I never shall get married—I do believe. Every week that I don't go to Niblo's, I miss seven smart chances. I must go.

NEW YORK, 27th July, 1837.

MR. J. G. BENNETT.—Sir: In the Herald of this morning, I observed a paragraph under the head of "Single case in the Marine Court"—it is only necessary to state that this matter is still the subject of litigation; and, until settled, it would be improper to publish the "long article you have received," which will, I think, be amply shown to be an infamous and malicious persecution of an amiable and accomplished lady—by a woman who claims to be her mother.

As you have avowed yourself the defender of female innocence, I have only to ask that you will be well satisfied of the truth of the statement furnished you, before you publish any thing that would injure the character or wound the feelings of a virtuous but unfortunate female, who has nothing but her standing in society, to enable her to maintain herself and fatherless child in a land of strangers. Yours, R. P.

ANSWER.—I am the last person to wound the feelings of any lady. I have heard a great deal of the parties in this matter, but as it is a difference between a mother and a daughter, I never should dream of interfering. To either, I will give all the aid I could, in weathering the storm of life, but should be cautious how I take sides with one against the other. Of the young lady in question, I have heard extraordinary accounts. It is said she will prove a second Malibran.

By the Southern Express.

Dates from New Orleans of the 21st of July are before us.

The brig Ringleader, and the schooner Levin Jones from Tampico the 12th instant, had brought in a heavy amount of specie, \$187,000. The conducta, with two millions of dollars, part of which was destined for New Orleans, had arrived at Tampico.

A large sale of real estate took place on the 20th in New Orleans at the Arcade, at prices only ten per cent less than these of the best times.

The New Orleans papers are engaged in their old dispute about duelling. The best way is to let men kill each other if they please, and if they do it *secundum artem* like the French.

MARINE COURT, July 28.—The Corporation *versus* John Grant. This was a suit instituted by Mr. Blunt, the corporation attorney, to recover the penalties for an infringement of the corporation laws. The declaration contained two counts. First, that the defendant had sold meat in a place not authorized by the corporation—second, that he had sold meat, not being a licensed butcher.

The defendant was in the employ of Mr. Pierce, of the Independent Market, Jones street. The witnesses examined for the prosecution, proved the sale of the meat by the defendant on the 20th of the present month. The arguments used by the corporation attorney were precisely similar to those which he has advanced on all the trials on this subject. For the defence, Mr. Pierce was called by Mr. Wheaton.

A. H. Pierce, examined.—The defendant was in my employ at the time stated, the 20th of the present month; I did not myself attend at the market; I had gone to my farm in Putnam county; whatever was sold there was for my benefit; I paid the defendant \$25 per month for his services; my name was over the door leading to my stall; the sign was over the door when I went away; it was there when I returned.

It was wished to be shown by this examination that the defendant was acting on his own account. It failed in establishing the fact. Mr. Wheaton, for the defence, contended that there was no such thing as a public market; that the receiving of bonuses by the corporation had virtually converted what should be public markets into private property; that this was so, he cited a case wherein the corporation had interfered with the butchers of one of our markets; they applied to the chancellor, who laid an injunction, whereby the butchers continued in possession in spite of every effort of the corporation to expel them. He said that in this case the jurors were judges of the law as well as the fact; that they derived this power from the court not having the power to grant a new trial upon cause. The judge differed with him. He said the jurors were not judges of the law, but only of the application of the law. The counsel for the defendant called upon the jury to protect the rights of the citizens. Should they give a conviction in this case, the defendant must be sent to prison. It was

true he might carry the case up, but before a judgment of the supreme court could be obtained, his term of imprisonment would have expired; where was he to look for redress?

Mr. Blunt warmly defended the corporation rights. He cited many a learned and ancient law in support of the by-laws of the New York Corporation, showing that they had a right by *prescription* to prevent any one from selling, or any citizen from buying, a beef-steak, excepting at such places and at such hours as the corporation in its wisdom thought fit to appoint.

The judge charged the jury that there was no doubt of the right the corporation had to regulate the sale of meat at their pleasure. The judge stated that if the corporation choose to charge 2s. 6d. for an individual going to market, or that an Alderman took the liberty of kicking him out after he got there—nevertheless it did not cancel their *prescriptive* right of regulation, such being given them by their charter.—In the present case, the judge said he should give no opinion. The jury had heard the testimony and the arguments—they might decide as they thought fit.

The jury, after ten minutes deliberation, gave a verdict for the plaintiff.

The announcement of this verdict seemed to inspire the crowded Court with exultation. Jurors are returning to common sense. One or two more such verdicts, and the corporation may do with their charter what Mr. Wheaton advised—put it into the fire.

COURT OF SESSIONS, July 28th.—Before the Recorder and Aldermen Smith and Hoxie.

The trials yesterday were meagre in the extreme.—Three prisoners, tried for petty offences, were found guilty and sentenced to the usual six months. One was remanded and discharged, as were also two or three by proclamation. The Court then adjourned.

POLICE, July 28th.—Beginning Early.—Archy McCook and Jane McGregor, were committed for stealing the trunk of a fellow passenger named Wm. Lahee. The complainant had left his trunk on the wharf, in charge of a woman, while he went to seek for lodgings. The prisoners drew off her attention, and then carried away the trunk. The parties had only just landed from the ship Warsaw, from Liverpool. Officers Tompkins and Peck succeeded in recovering the trunk and its contents, with the exception of four sovereigns. Great praise is due to them for their skill and exertions in this affair.

Larcenies.—Michael Phillips was committed for stealing a mare, the property of James Lawrence.

James Shaw was committed for purloining a watch, the property of Thomas Flinn.

The above contains our gleanings of yesterday.—There were no other cases worth reporting.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.—This Theatre, which exerts every nerve that talent and industry can supply, furnishes a happy combination of genius, scarcely to be met with, this evening, independent of the Pickwick Club, which has stood for several nights the bill of public judgment. We refer our readers to the bill of this evening, which comprises all that is attractive and amusing. Let it be recollected that the performance is for the benefit of Mr. J. R. Hall. His merits require no panegyric.

MONEY MARKET.

Friday, July 28, 1 P. M.

The Boston Banks continue to make their reports weekly.—On the 22d instant, their condition, as contrasted with that of the 15th, was as follows:

	July 15th.	July 22.	Increase.
Circulation, 1,712,837	1,712,837	1,712,837	0
Deposits, 5,753,248	5,753,248	5,753,248	0
Specie, 946,999	946,999	946,999	0
Loans, 35,608,146	35,608,146	35,608,146	0

It will be seen by this table, that the circulation has increased 162 thousand dollars, while the specie has decreased nearly three thousand. This does not look much like resuming. It will be urged that the increase of deposits argues a high confidence in the banks, and that when the time comes for resuming, there will be no difficulty. If we add the deposits and circulation together, and subtract the loans, we have the true increase of liability of these institutions in one week, viz.—\$331,804, against a decrease in the specie basis of \$2,816. Did an individual deal in this way, he would be set down as a madman. This only shows what perfect creatures of public confidence banks are. They must be so to exist. If they were to keep themselves in readiness always to meet every demand against them, capital would never go into stock securities.—They trade on fictitious capital, and the confidence of the people. But we admire the ingenuity of the Boston institutions in coming out boldly before the public. It is the real way to gain their confidence. If the same were done in every other state, we should now know where we were, and some count of action might be had relative to resuming specie payments. But there are so many of these institutions that have black pages on their books, we shall never get at them. A prompt action in Congress will bring them to their bearings.

Stocks today are about the same as yesterday. Some little upward tendency was shown in the fancies. The transactions in specie are confined to orders for shipment against next packet day. The Orpheus, it is supposed, will carry out over \$200,000.

SIX O'CLOCK, P. M.

The money market continues in the same inactive state as ever. Capitalists are holding up, being desirous of investing the funds in some great speculation which the fluctuations of the times may throw up, instead of laying out in good solid securities at 7 per cent. Specie continues to be very active—almost as much is now coming into the country as is going out. At this port and New Orleans, probably \$1,600,000 have arrived during the last month. It comes principally from West Indies and South America, in payment of the debt they owe us, which is, at least, nearly equal to what now remains due to England. During the next year, there is no reason to believe that the amount of the specie now in the United States will be diminished one dollar on account of the foreign debt. The receipts from foreign countries, in payment of debts—also for freights—and by way of emigration, are quite sufficient to meet the exports necessary for France and England.

There is no reason, therefore, on this score, that the banks should continue to refuse payments in specie any longer.

The situation of the London banks, connected with the American trade, is yet a curious object of inquiry. The position of the Wiggins, the Wildes, and the Wilsons, are known. Bad enough they are, after allowing every thing in their favor. The long apprehension, and want of confidence entertained towards them, have long since produced all the effects that could be reasonably expected. The Browns, with the assistance of the Bank of England, have weathered the storm. This fact will preserve intact a large amount of foreign business connected with New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The Messrs. Browns originally sprang from Baltimore, thirty years ago. They have always conducted a real, not a speculative business. The very fact of a house of such large means requiring aid, speaks the intensity of the revision that has passed over the commercial world.

The Barings have also weathered the storm. From the old head of the house, now Lord Ashburton, they received aid to the amount of \$200,000 sterling. It is believed this will enable them to meet all and every engagement. At this moment their agents here are buying and selling, and resuming it to their order. Probably one half of the specie continually going to Europe from this port is for the Browns and the Barings.

The action with the American trade, till the reaction of the American China trade reach Europe. In this branch of business Boston and Salem will yet receive a blow that will make many of their merchants stagger like drunken men, although they are members of the Temperance Society. The engagements of the tea trade will not come into action before the months of October and November. We shall then reach the bottom of this business. It is not to be supposed that all is easy in the East India trade, when the whole commercial world beside is in a state of convulsion and disorder.

The great house of Lazard, of New Orleans, London and Paris, has probably cleared the breakers. By the express mail last evening, we see that the specie is arriving to them from Mexico. The brothers Lazard are originally from Vera Cruz. They came to New Orleans in 1835, with \$2,000,000 in their breeches pockets. Mr. Forstall, of that city, observing the mysterious size of their pockets, immediately became their adviser. By his counsels, altogether gratuitous, they established a house in each of the three great cities mentioned. The Citizens Bank of New Orleans became connected with them. The great house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam, was induced, by the eloquence of Mr. Forstall, to advance \$5,000,000 on the stock of that bank. This was considered the greatest effect ever produced by eloquence since the age of Demosthenes. When the revolution began, the affairs of the Lazard became so entangled with the Citizens Bank, that Hope & Co., in order to save themselves, found it necessary to advance \$1,500,000, on the faith of the state, to sustain the Lazard of London and Paris. By this liberal aid they will get through the storm, with somewhat embellished means and slight diminution of resources—but still remaining stiff and strong as the head of the lot.

We speak on these points from the card. That it will be seen that every American house in Europe, has been or